

abolitionists will thus act in every respect
with the certainty of an element as in a chemical
position, modifying with an invisible energy the whole

Poetry.

From the Boston Courier.

THE DEVIL'S WALK IN WASHINGTON.

"From his brimstone bed, at break of day,
A walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his little snug farm of the earth,
And see how his stock went on!"

CHORUS.

The Devil was tired of all his old haunts,
And he longed to gang a new way;
So one morning, he said, as he drew on his pants,
"I'll to Washington to-day!"

He stopped in the principal Avenue,
And shook off the brimstone perfume,
And coiled up his tail; he always knew
What phase it is best to assume.

'Twas cool for him, so he opened his vest,
And gaily he twirled a light cane,
As other fops do, when they sport their best,
And, perhaps, feel a little vain.

He saw two coaches, conveying out
Two daisies, going to fight;
"Aye, aye!" quoth he, "I'll turn me about,
That will be a pleasant sight!"

He afterwards passed the market-place,
Where cattle and men were bought;
And the Devil exclaimed, "Ye angels of grace!
Here's humanity's story, self-taught!"

He stood up to see them buy and sell,
Bidding mortals off under the hammer;
And he chuckled to hear the mothers' yell,
And their children's delightful clamor.

He examined the thumb-screws, the chains, and the lash,
And took patterns to carry to Hell;
He watched all the men who took the cash,
And observed that they spent it well.

Some went to the "coffee-house," some to dice,
And some to run horses to death;
Fools call such places "abodes of vice"—
But he grinned, and held his breath.

A mob demolished a house on a hill,
Because its owner drew the latchet;
"Ah!" said he, "so they here make laws with a will,
And break them with club and hatchet."

The Devil bethought him he would walk
Towards the Capitol, in style;
To hear the nation's guardians talk,
And encourage them with his smile.

So he dressed him in a priestly coat,
That he might not shame his friends,
And went up to see the members vote,
And shape the country's ends.

He heard all the honorable gentlemen
Speak freely of his home,
And swear and argue, and swear again,
That 'twas time a war should come.

One member rose to offer a bill;
The Devil admired his phiz,
For he always likes purple, and always will—
The Devil has reason for this.

The bill, too, he liked, for that provided
That those should be plunged in the waves,
Who owned the soil, while this was divided
To white men with gangs of slaves.

An orator made a brilliant speech,
And the Devil made him show it,
To compare with one he was led to preach,
Reported by Milton, the Poet.

Just then a Senator's honor was wounded
By something said in debate,
Whereat the chamber with words resounded,
That stunned even the Devil's pate.

He said to himself, "They're too hot for me,
These men of this upper air;
I'll get me back to my sulphur sea,
And be ready to meet them there!"

N. C.

Written for a Temperance Celebration in Elyria, Ohio.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

From gushing fount, or gurgling rill,
My cup with water pure I'll fill,
For that's the drink for me;
It cools the brow—it cools the brain—
It makes the faint one strong again,
And giveth energy.

To failing age it addeth length,
To weak or strong it addeth strength,
And cools the parched tongue;
Like breezes from the sparkling sea,
Comes o'er the sense, yet leaves it free:
'Tis good for old and young.

Then to the brim fill, fill the glass,
Around the circle let it pass,
The blessing is divine;
Our nerves are firm, our hearts are true,
When we like flowers drink nought but dew,
Pure Nature's sparkling wine.

Cold water is a mine of wealth,
The ores it yields are vigor, health,
And happiness the prize;
It cheers the heart, and brightens sight,
Like glowing beams of morning light,
That gladden as they rise.

Then will I drink of water bright,
And dream of heaven the live-long night,
Till tears of morning shine;
Then from a well a draught I'll bring,
And of its virtues will I sing;
Cold water, thou art mine!

To guard our Freedom and our Laws,
Come and advance the glorious cause,
Come join it, Old and Young;
For swart liquor—Hurr! hurr! hurr!
Be mad'ning liquors banished far
From every lip and tongue.

THE LOCUSTRY OF BRITAIN!

BY FREDERICK ELLIOT.

The locustry of Britain
Are gods beneath the skies;
They stamp the brave into the grave;
They feed on Famine's sighs;
They blight all homes, they break all hearts,
Except, alas, their own!
While a moan and a groan,
That move th' Almighty's throne,
Bring angels' tears in piny down,
And move the Eternal throne!

The bread-tax of England,
What awful powers they are!
They make a league with Want and Crime!
On Plenty they wage war!
They curse the land, the winds, the seas;
Lord, have they conquered Thee?

With a frown, looking down,
While they curse the land and sea,
They rival Hell, and rebel Heaven,
But have not vanquished Thee!

Oh, humbly take what God bestows,
And like his own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers.

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:

OR
LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XXI.

For some time after Lucy's departure, her brother again fell into that wavering state of mind, which had already nearly shaken his reason. He had sent from him the only earthly object to which his heart clung; he had consigned to another the precious charge which his dying father had bequeathed to his care; he had left himself alone, surrounded by ignorance and sin; while the one bright spirit God had given to cheer and sustain him in his thorny path, was, by his own act, banished from the place that nature assigned her by his side, to buffet alone with the rude encounters inevitable in the position in which he had placed her.

"Lucy, my pretty Lucy!" he exclaimed, while tears of anguish rolled down his pale cheeks, "how wilt thou bear 'the spurs that patient merit of the unworthy takes,' when thou hast no fond brother close at hand to love and comfort thee?"

And then his imagination, active to an excess that so surely indicated disease, placed his gentle sister before him in a hundred different situations, in which she was exposed to vulgar insolence, or still more effective admiration.

He started up, determined at all risks to follow and reclaim her; but ere he had walked a quarter of a mile from his door, another set of images seized upon his fancy with equal distinctness. He heard the mingled accents of penitence and hope rising amidst the midnight silence of the forest, from the race oppressed in body and in soul, whom God had called upon him to succor; he saw them clinging to him and the faith he taught, in defiance of stripes and bonds. Should he forsake them? No! not even if by so doing, he could place his beloved sister on the throne of the world. No! he would share their bonds—he would partake their stripes—he would follow and exhort them to lift their tearful eyes to God, till the bloody death that threatened him should close his lips forever.

And Lucy?—must her spiritless life be offered up with his? Edward's soul shrank from the needless sacrifice; and after pausing on his way for many minutes, with clasped hands and down cast eyes, in earnest meditation, he turned back, once more relieved by the conviction, that it was his duty to send his sister home.

Never was there a human soul on which virtue had a stronger hold than that of Edward Bligh. Once more persuaded that he was doing right, his serenity returned, his mind recovered its wonted power, and he again believed himself capable of great and glorious actions.

He now determined upon more seeking Frederick Steinmark. He had already made a second visit to Reichland; but the father of the family was in his fields, and he would not enter. With a spirit invigorated by renewed confidence in himself, Edward proceeded to the happy dwelling of his new friend. He was again ushered into the common sitting-room, and again stood before the noble German forester; but not as before, was Frederick Steinmark the only object upon which his eyes now rested. Standing behind him, as he sat in his accustomed chair, with one hand resting on its high back, and the other lovingly caressing the scanty curls of her father, stood Lotte, certainly much fairer than the daughters of man, if taken at their usual standard, and with a look at once so innocent and so brightly beaming with intelligence and joy, that it is impossible to conceive any thing more likely to seize upon such an imagination as that of Edward, than was her figure as thus presented to him. He gazed for one short moment only, but her image thenceforward became the idol of his fancy, till every throbbing pulse was hushed forever.

Lotte was engaged, when young Bligh approached, in pleading earnestly for some favor about which her smiling father seemed to hesitate. She stopped short, however, in her eager speech, as soon as she saw him, and somewhat abashed by the ardent but involuntary gaze of the young man, courted slightly and prepared to depart.

Lotte knew perfectly well, however, who he was; for her father, though he carefully kept Caesar's secret, had given so animated and faithful a description of the forest school-master, that she could not mistake him; and had he looked at her with less evident wonder and admiration, she would have greatly wished to become acquainted with a person who had so deeply interested her father. As it was, perhaps, she was not sorry when Frederick Steinmark, while he held out one hand to welcome Edward, retained her with the other.

"You must not run away, Lotchen, said he, 'Mr. Bligh, this is my only daughter; and there,' pointing to the open portico before the windows, 'are four idle sons of mine, as much bent upon a thriftless frolic as if they were in fatherland, where gentles eat the corn they do not reap. Your coming is a Godsend for me. I really believe I shall now grant their prayer, which is for us to go, one and all, to eat our dinner and pick strawberries in a meadow behind Karl's mill,—that I may have the pleasure of introducing you to my whole family with as little delay as possible.'

Edward answered with as much grace as any man could be expected to do, who was in the very act of falling desperately in love, for the first time in his life.

"That is well, then," said Steinmark, in reply to Edward's timid acceptance of the invitation; "and you may now go, Lotte, and announce to your mother, and the noisy party she has got around her, that it is my patriarchal will and pleasure this wild-goose scheme should take place; whereby we shall lose the decent comfort of my farm-house board, in order to gain the extraordinary gratification of eating a meal like so many houseless Bohemians."

Lotte bounded across the long room and through the window, whereupon the arrival of her and her news at the portico, was announced by a discharge of hurrahs, that seemed to make the welkin ring; and the instant after, the whole party dispersed and were out of sight, some in one direction and some in another, in order to collect the multitudinous articles of which the luxuries of a dinner on the grass must be composed. Lotte darted off to the garden to seek lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, and all the other solid delicacies with which that metropolis of the vegetable kingdom abounds.

Even in the transient glance which Edward caught of her figure, as she glided past the other windows, he perceived that she went not alone. He perceived, too, to his sudden and unspeakable torment, that the stately figure which accompanied her, seemed bending to converse with her, with a sort of courtly assiduity, that highly as he rated a brother's love among earthly affections, could not proceed from one who stood in that relation.

"Now, my friend, we are alone," said Steinmark; "my wild flock are on the wing, and I may venture to tell you that our poor runaway is perfectly restored to health and strength, after his weary travel and long fast; but I think it would be as well for you not to attempt seeing him at present."

Such were the words of Frederick Steinmark, addressed to the man who, a few days before, had spoken on this subject with a degree of feeling and agitation that it was almost painful to witness.—And how did he listen to it now? His eyes fixed upon the spot at which he had seen Lotte disappear, his ears insensible of the sounds that reached them, and his whole person having the air of a man sleeping rather than waking, he stood before Steinmark heart-struck, silent, and immovable.

The kind-hearted German smiled, as he watched a fit of absence more completely absorbing to the faculties than any, as he believed, that he had even himself indulged in. But sympathizing with the malady, and feeling that it deserved all indulgence, he treated Edward exactly as he would have wished to be treated himself on all similar occasions; that is to say, he left him unmolested to recover his wits, while he pursued the lecture which the petition of Lotte had interrupted.

The pang which had transfixed Edward, though it left a wringing anguish at his heart, which his after-life was not long enough to cure, kept not his senses enchained beyond one or two dreary moments; and he then started with a mixture of astonishment and offended pride at seeing Steinmark reading composedly in his easy chair, while he stood unnoticed before him.

Edward turned to go; but before he had taken a second step, the recollection of the party about to set off for the meadows, the invitation he had received to join it, and the gratitude he owed for the important kindness already bestowed, made him turn again, and in a voice which many conflicting feelings caused to tremble, he said,

"I fear, sir, I have intruded on you very inconveniently."

Steinmark raised his eyes, and instantly perceived an expression of wounded feeling in the countenance of his interesting guest.

"Intruded, Mr. Bligh? No, no! But do you know, I suspect that, over and above the points of resemblance which we mutually discovered in each other when last we met, I may now shake hands with you on the discovery of another. My saucy children tell me that I am the most absent man alive; but I think you beat me. Now tell me, did you hear one word of all I said to you about Caesar?"

"Caesar, sir?" repeated Edward, while a tingling consciousness of the cause of his strange inattention crimsoned his cheek. "I beg your pardon: Certainly I did not hear you name Caesar. How is he, sir?"

"You could not have indulged in a fit of absence before any one more bound to forgive it, than myself," replied Steinmark, laughing; "and therefore, I repeat my assurances that your *profrage* is as well as if it had never occurred, and a meal, or a frolic, or a flogging. But what are we to do with him next, my good friend?"

Once more awakened to thoughts of earth, Edward entered eagerly and with most anxious feeling into the subject. He stated the reason he had for believing that the slave-holders throughout the country were more on the alert than ever to discover and punish all delinquencies among their slaves; and hinted his serious apprehensions that Mr. Steinmark himself might suffer for the pitying kindness he had extended to the poor runaway.

"I do not think that, even were the thing discovered, they could punish me for the misdemeanor in any way that would materially annoy me," replied the German composedly; "but tell me, Mr. Bligh, has any thing occurred to you, since we met last, to lead you to the idea that the bloodhounds are more vindictive than formerly?"

Edward hesitated. "Before my answer to this question can be intelligible, my dear sir," he said, "I think I must become my own biographer."

"You could not please me better," replied his host, with a look and accent that might have given courage and confidence to the most modest spirit, that ever shrunk from such a task; "and indeed," he added, "you stand partly bound to this by promise. The preparations for our rural feasting will occupy the projectors of it for a full hour. I doubt not; I will lead you to a spot where they will be sure to seek me, but less liable to interruption than this, where I can meanwhile enjoy the gratification I so greatly wish for, of knowing something more about a man so singularly unlike those amongst whom fate has thrown him."

He led the way to the open window, as he spoke, and having left the room, proceeded across the lawn to the bank of turf raised underneath the shelter of a noble tulip tree. A semicircle of fine orange trees nearly enclosed it in the front, but left an opening to a small flower-garden, so evidently of feminine arrangement, that Edward, as he took his seat upon the bank, felt almost as if he was again in the presence of the wondrous creature, who had flashed across his sight, more, as he thought, like a vision of light than a reality. It was indeed a lovely nook—sheltered, cool, fragrant and sequestered; well suited both for confidence and repose; and here Edward Bligh recounted the sad incidents of his life, and the singular position in which they had left him and his young sister, with a simple pathos, that reached to the very heart of the good German, and created a feeling of admiration and attachment to both the orphans, which he was far from attempting or intending to express in words.

But why, in the name of kind feelings, and good fellowship, Edward is not your dear Lucy with us here? If our situations had been reversed—if you had had the home, and I the sister, she would not have been now in Mrs. Shepherd's store at Natchez. So there is not such perfect sympathy between us, Bligh, after all."

But there was moisture in the eye of Steinmark, as he spoke; and as he uttered this reproach, he held out his hand to the object of it. Edward grasped that friendly hand with deep emotion, and replied with perfect frankness:

"Nor do I think I could have laid the heart to place her there, after seeing you, had it not been for Caesar, and for the weight of obligation I had already taken on myself for his sake. To have thrown my sister, merely because I read your generous heart in your eyes, would have been like extortion,—I could not do it."

"Surely you blundered egregiously, my young friend, in placing two such acts, as hiding a runaway negro, in a country where murder has been committed to punish those who would befriended the race, and receiving your glorious sister Lucy as a friend and inmate, upon the same footing. In the first case, I freely confess that I do think I showed myself to be a very good fellow, and that you ought to make me your best bow for receiving so dangerous a guest as Caesar; but for the second, I most truly believe that the obligation would be much more on our side than yours. You may partly guess, Edward, how profound must be the retirement in which we live; and would it be a slight good, think you, for my Lotte to have, for the first time in her life, such a companion as your gentle, patient, and accomplished Lucy?"

There was something most deliciously soothing to the feelings of Edward in the idea that it was possible his sister might become the favorite friend of Lotte Steinmark. He murmured some few words expressive of grateful feelings, and his countenance spoke more eloquently than his tongue; but Frederick Steinmark was far from guessing what a rush of unspeakable gratitude his words had produced; for in most simple truth he meant exactly what he said, in declaring that the society of such a girl, as the Lucy of Edward's narrative, would be an inestimable blessing to his daughter.

"This day," resumed Steinmark, "will make you in some degree acquainted with my family. But there is also a young stranger with us, a countryman, who has wandered thus far from the fatherland, solely for the gratification of a wandering fancy."

My eldest son made acquaintance with him in Philadelphia, and has brought him to his father's home; and this Sigmund von Hochland really seems to deserve all the fine things our Fritz says of him. Nevertheless, I cannot allude to your touching story, Edward, before him, till you shall yourself know him sufficiently to admit him to your friendship; but my wife must hear it, and her invitation will then be joined to mine for the speedy arrival of your dear sister among us. And yet," continued Steinmark, thoughtfully, after a moment's silence, "eager as I am for this, I do believe it will be more prudent to get Caesar off the premises before he comes. Should he unhappily be discovered here, I fear that both you and your Lucy might suffer much inconvenience, were your share in the transaction to be used, as the utmost caution should at this moment be used, in every thing with which they were set to scheming and planning, proposing and rejecting, a number of devices for the disposal of Caesar."

But their consultations were soon interrupted, their privacy invaded, and all thoughts for the future put to flight, by the appearance of the party which approached them from the house.

CHAPTER XXII.

Far in advance of the rest was Hermann. It was he, as usual, who undertook to find his father, and more difficult far, to rouse him from whatever occupation or reverie might have thrown his claims over him, and to bring him to join the joyous set who were starting off for Karl's *Erntedankfest*, as the German called it, a place of destination was constantly called by all the family; though the young miller very gravely declared, that if it produced no crop more valuable than the *erbsen*, from which they chose to name it, he would plough it up in spite of them all. Notwithstanding this assumption of prudence in the lord of the land to which they were going, there was not one of the set who appeared

to enter into the strawberry frolic with more zeal than himself. With his mother on one arm, and a huge basket on the other, Karl came next in order, the very emblem of youth, health, and cheerfulness. His long, slender body, of his thick, sunny curls, than he was fixed in the ordinary mode upon his head; while his laughing blue eyes looked out from under it as if to challenge the anticipated exclamations of his extraordinary position might elicit.

Mary, who looked, as her husband often told her, a great deal too pretty and too young to be the mother of so stalwart a youth, walked beside him, looking up into his bright young face, with an eye almost as mischievous as his own; though in sage and sober accents, she repeated once and again—

"Karl! Karl! What will your countryman, and a baron too!—think of your wild ways? Be sober, Karl, or upon my word I must fall back upon the squadron behind. What a very queer boy you are! Whenever you are more than commonly disposed to be whimsical, it seems to me that you always select me for your companion. I am afraid I have very little dignity, Karl."

"Not the very least bit in the world, mother.—Now if you were only in the slightest degree like my ever-reverenced, honored and honorable aunt, Karoline, Baroness von Uckerkumpfen, now differently would all your children treat you! But don't take on, mother,—it can't be helped now; so you may as well bring down your spirit to your condition, and submit to be loved and adored by your republican children, just as if there was no such thing as dignity in the world."

Behind the mother and son followed the unattractive figure of Fritz, very carefully and cautiously driving a wheelbarrow, containing all the weightier matters necessary to the feast; and the procession closed by a little, comely, stout, Sigmund von Hochland, and Heinrich.

When they first started, Heinrich was as usual at Lotte's side; but ere they reached the orange trees, the description von Hochland was giving her of the scenery near his own residence in Westphalia, won him from it, and the stranger was now walking between them. The gay and animated young man spoke in his native tongue, which, though naive also to his companions, was no longer their ordinary language; and it had for both of them a charm, which certainly increased the pleasure with which they listened to him. Lotte, though her gayer spirits prevented her pining for the land of her birth, with the intense longing after it which embittered the existence of her brother, had nevertheless drunk in his poetry, and revelled in the descriptions of its scenery, till she too was as devotedly a child of Germany, and its music, its stories, and its sunny hills, as if she remembered the early days she had passed among them. The arrival of Sigmund was certainly the most animating event that had ever broken the monotony of their peaceful lives; and perhaps it was some consciousness of the pleasure he gave, which inspired the animated expression his handsome countenance wore, as he rapidly poured forth his recollections and his feelings to the willing ears of the brother and sister. But though earnestly engaged in conversation, they were nevertheless as actively assisting, as the rest of the party, in the business of the day. Heinrich bore in each hand a basket of something, he knew not what, which Karl had committed to his charge; Sigmund had swung over his shoulder, with very reverend care, a delicate willow, filled with salad, entrusted to him by Lotte; while the fair maiden herself very daintily balanced between her two hands, at first set, a little basket without a handle, packed by herself, in a woman-like way, she mixed utility with elegance; for it contained cream from her own pretty dairy; enough, according to Hermann's instructions, to drown all Karl's strawberries, together with abundance of sweet scented flowers to strew around the spot they should select for the scene of their repast. But as Sigmund grew more animated, this double handed caution became more embarrassing; for she could not look towards him without endangering the balance; so at length she stopped, saying,

"Heinrich, do you think we could contrive to envelope my cream and flowers in a napkin, and then swing it over a stick, as Herr Sigmund has done his frail?"

It was exactly as the trio stopped to make the proposed alteration in the arrangement of the luggage, that Steinmark and Edward, obeying the call of Hermann, came forth from the shelter of the orange trees, and joined the new friends. Steinmark felt that he had perhaps enlisted his new friend, and that party too gaily light-hearted to be agreeable to one who had so many heavy cares upon his mind; but it was done, and could not be recalled; so the next thought that crossed his benevolent mind was how to make the day pass pleasantly with him. He perceived at a glance that the gay young baron was enlisted into the playful service of the hour; and perceiving some unfinished arrangement about the packages which surrounded Lotte, he put his arm through Edward's, and leading him up to her said,

"Here, Lotchen, I bring you a very valuable recruit, able and willing to help you in all the vagaries you may choose to perform. Herr Hochland, give me leave to introduce to you my valued friend, Mr. Edward Bligh."

Frederick Steinmark's object was to put Edward at his ease, he failed completely; it was not even as he felt, every faculty was on the stretch, every sense was strained. But if, in thoughtless of his case, his purpose was to make him happy, he succeeded perfectly; happiness itself, unknown, unimagined till that moment, throbbed in his breast and bounded through his veins.

He was close to Lotte. Lotte was speaking to him; she smiled to him, as she placed the light burden on his arm; and with the exception of some ecstatic intervals, when a rapt enthusiasm had seemed to raise him altogether above the joys of this mortal state, this moment was decidedly the happiest of his life.

Joyously then did the troop march onward towards the mill. But though the distance was short, the way,—on this occasion, at least, was long.—Fritz overturned the wheelbarrow at one spot, and Sigmund's frail slipped off his stick at another.—Lotte stumbled as Herr Hochland was talking to her of fatherland; but Edward was close behind, and his hand was put to her, and he saved herself from falling. Steinmark and Hermann, untroubled themselves with finding out cross nooks in the short bit of forest they had to pass, and then trying who could best recover them,—an exercise at which the senior beat the junior hollow. Mary and Karl continued together, and pursued with as much steadiness as the gambols of the young miller would permit; and Heinrich still hung on the skirts of his countryman, enjoying from time to time such renewal of their former conversation as the desultory nature of their progress would permit.

But it was astonishing to observe the multitude of unforeseen accidents which detained them. Sometimes it was a very harmless snake, which darted from bush to brake before them, but which Karl, in the superfluity of his activity, declared must be chased, and not suffered to be placed beyond the power of giving or receiving injury for evermore. Then Lotte's eyes were accidentally raised to a marvellous cluster of wild grapes that hung above their heads, and the baskets must be placed on the ground, and the grapes must be won, before another step forward could be taken. At another time a whole bevy of butterflies seemed to spring up, as it were, from the ground, and showed themselves so brightly beautiful to the unaccustomed eyes of the gay Sigmund, that he must perform catch some of them. Then followed laughter at his want of skill, accompanied by consolatory assurances that what he mistook for marvels were in truth the most ordinary insects that Louisiana produced. In short, so much time was expended in this ramble over a plain path of a mile and a half, that the time they reached the *Erntedankfest*, Karl, who proclaimed himself master of the revels, as one of his manorial rights, declared that if they did not all and every one of them set about gathering the strawberries forthwith, and that steadily and perseveringly, without gossip, sport, or idleness of any kind, they might as well set off to return again as they came; for the purpose of the expedition would be defeated, inasmuch as it would be found impossible to complete the work in reasonable time for dinner.

This solemn remonstrance produced the desired effect. In a moment, the whole party were to be seen scattered singly over the field; and though before the commanded quantity was fully furnished, some alteration in the disposition of the gleaners took place, and Sigmund and Lotte approached Lotte on one side, and Edward on the other, and the work on the whole was well and punctually accomplished; and then the riot and the din of unpacking the wheelbarrow, and disposing of all imaginable inconvenience and enjoyment its contents upon the grass, followed; and that sort of happy noisy confusion took place, which those only can conceive who have shared in the very delirious, but very

unaccountable, enjoyment of preparing a dinner upon the grass. A few short hours before, any one who well knew Edward Bligh would have declared that no scene could have less charm for him than the one in which he was now engaged. Mirth, in his best and happiest days, had but little attraction for him; and though he loved to wander for hours amid the beautiful scenery of his native state, the contemplative temper of his mind communicated penitence, quietude, and progress, which at one moment sent his present companions forward at the rate of five miles an hour, while at another they all stopped short, as if spell-bound, to find subject for mirth in they knew not what, and an excuse for tarrying, they knew not why. Still less, perhaps, was the scene which followed such as he would have heretofore joined in with pleasure; but now his eyes shot forth glances of young joy, as he found himself seated on the grass beside Lotte Steinmark. Could he have looked at her heart, he might perhaps have lost a portion of the intoxicating pleasure he now, for the first time, tasted. He might have seen that the ready ear, the gentle smile, the courteous reply she lent him, were rather the result of what she believed to be her father's wishes than of her own. He might have discovered, that even while her beautiful eyes were turned on him, she was unconsciously listening to every word pronounced, whether to her or to another, on the other side, where sat Sigmund. But he saw, he knew nothing, but that he was seated, in dear, familiar, friendly intercourse, beside the only woman who had ever charmed his senses, and taught him to know what poets mean by love.

In truth, it was a pleasant banquet to all. The jovial laugh went round, and so did the bright light goblet of their native wine—a luxury furnished by the good Baron Steinmark in greater abundance than his rustic brethren wished or approved; but on occasions like the present, the forest family drank to their distant kinsman's health with cordial gratitude. They followed some of their still fondly cherished native airs, and Lotte sang, with wild, untutored sweetness of a bird. Her ear was excellent; and Heinrich taught her, by his fledge, all the most popular tunes of Germany, a large collection of which had been sent him by his uncle. The words, too, which she sang, were, generally, of Heinrich's composition, and for the most part expressed his clinging love for the soil that gave him birth.

It was, perhaps, in compliment to Sigmund, that Lotte, on this occasion, selected a ballad in which Heinrich had poured forth, on a well-known German air, and in his native tongue, all the glowing, patriotic feelings, which more than warmed—which, in truth, burned in his breast; and the touching style in which she sang it, gave sufficient evidence that every word found its echo in her own heart. Frederick and Mary exchanged a glance, and sighed: they well knew Heinrich's love of a country which was no longer his; but, till now, he had had neither of them fully aware how deeply Lotte sympathized in this feeling.

The effect of the ballad, and Lotte's manner of singing it, was sufficiently powerful on all present. Edward, who understood quite enough of the language to catch the feeling it inspired, would have joyfully given half the existence remaining to him on earth, could he, thereby, have become a native German. The eyes of Heinrich overflowed; and even his gay brothers, now so firmly rooted in the soil to which they had been transplanted, looked sad and thoughtful. Young Sigmund alone enjoyed the whole thing—melody, words, and the deep feeling which accompanied them—with unmixed delight.

"Charming! charming! charming! charming!" he exclaimed, with clasped hands, and glistening eyes. "How little did I expect to hear such sounds in a Louisiana forest!"

"And now, Sigmund," said Fritz, "it is your turn. Lotte's words I never heard before; but she sang them to the same air, if I mistake not, on which you composed your patriotic rhapsody. The tune is good enough to hear twice. We have had, as I guess, the Steinmark version; now let us have the Hochland."

A vivid blush dyed the cheeks of the young baron, at this address; but it passed in an instant, and with equal frankness and good humor, he drew a flute from his pocket, and having skillfully played the beautiful national air, which Lotte had just sung, he laid the instrument aside, and sang to the same notes, and in his own musical language, some verses which he had written a few weeks before, at Philadelphia, and performed for the benefit of his friend Fritz.—The thoughts, when put into English, might be rendered as follows:

"Hark to the strain!
Let me hear it again—
'Tis a spell that can waft me o'er land and o'er sea;
Oh! hark to the strain!
Is it pleasure or pain,
That sends my heart, Father-land! throbbing to thee?"

It is glorious, when Fancy has taken the helm,
To mount the gay bark, that shall bear us along;
And to bound at her touch, to some newly-found realm,
There to wander with her, its strange children among.

And what is the strain
We would gladly hear, then?
'Tis the cheering 'yo! yo!' and the favoring gale,
That should sing through our rigging, and tighten our sail.

And 'tis more glorious still, when, with light-hearted glee,
We, in truth, start to wander o'er land and o'er sea;
When the eye of the body roams, hoping to find
Things as fair as they seem to the eye of the mind.

And all may seem fair—and the eye may explore,
With gladness, what ne'er met its glances before;
But the heart aches to feel, that the farther we roam,
The more sadly will echo repeat the word, 'home!'

Then, hark to this strain!
Let us hear it again—
'Tis a spell that can waft me o'er land and o'er sea;
Oh! hark to the strain!
Be it pleasure or pain,
That sends our hearts, Father-land! throbbing to thee."

As a translation never fails to mar the original, it is but fair to believe that the young Sigmund's verses deserved, in part at least, the applause he received; but when they were ended, and resuming his flute, he again drew from it the sweet familiar notes so well known to every individual present, except poor Edward, no word of praise followed them, but a tear stood trembling in every eye.